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DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
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REMATCH!
D.D. VERSUS BULLET!
50 YEARS
OF CAPTAIN AMERICA
1941 – 1991
LEE WEEKS 1990

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT. BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

Stan Lee presents: **DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!**

All the News that Fits

by ANN NOCENTI WRITER, LEE WEEKS PENCILS, FRED FREDERICKS INKS, JOE ROSEN LETTERS, MAX SCHEELE COLORS, RALPH MACCHIO EDITOR, TOM DEFALCO EDITOR IN CHIEF

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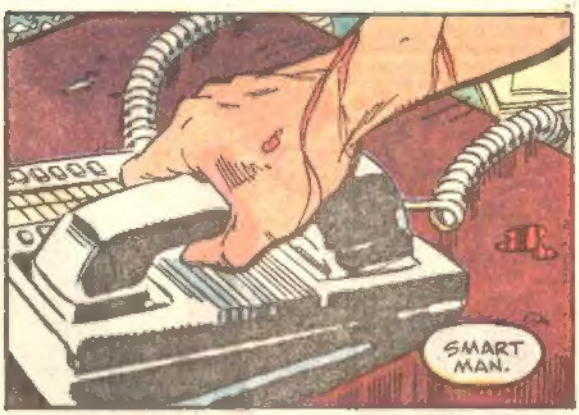
brak scan

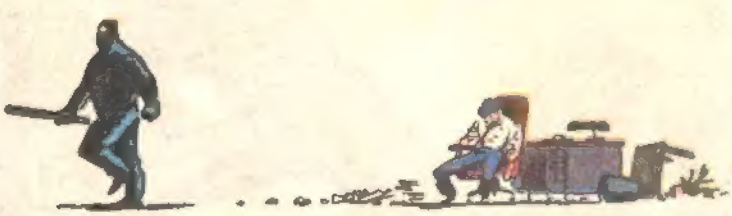
TELEPHONE. MUST BE SOMEBODY I'M SUPPOSED TO CALL.
OH YEAH. THAT CONTRACTOR, TO PICK UP THE MAP. }KAFF KAFF{
}KAFF KAFF{
GONNA BE A LOT OF ANGRY PEOPLE WHEN THAT MAP SEES PRINT TOMORROW. }KAFF{
}KAFF{
THAT PROPOSED HIGHWAY CHOPS THROUGH A LOT OF HOMES.
A HOME'S A HOME. IT'S GOT HISTORY, MEMORIES...
5 5-1024
I GOT A LOUSY LITTLE ROACH FLAT, BUT THEY STILL COULDN'T PAY ME ENOUGH TO COVER THE LOSS.
GOOD THING THE HIGHWAY DOESN'T CHOP THROUGH MY HOME.
UH, YEAH, MR. ZENG?
YEAH, THIS IS BEN URICH, FROM THE BUGLE?
IS NOW A GOOD TIME TO DROP BY? I HAVE TO PICK UP THE HIGHWAY MAP--
I AM SORRY, MR. URICH.
THE MAP IS NO LONGER AVAILABLE.
CLICK

GOOD MAN.


SMART MAN.

IT'S A WISE MAN THAT STAYS AWAY FROM NEWSPAPERS.
TELL ME SOMETHING, MR. ZENG.
HOW DID YOU GET SO FAR IN THE CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS WITH SUCH CRAZY IDEAS?
DON'T YOU KNOW BY NOW, THAT "ETHICS" AND THE BUILDING BUSINESS, JUST DON'T MIX?
THEY PLAIN DON'T LIKE EACH OTHER, YOU DIG?

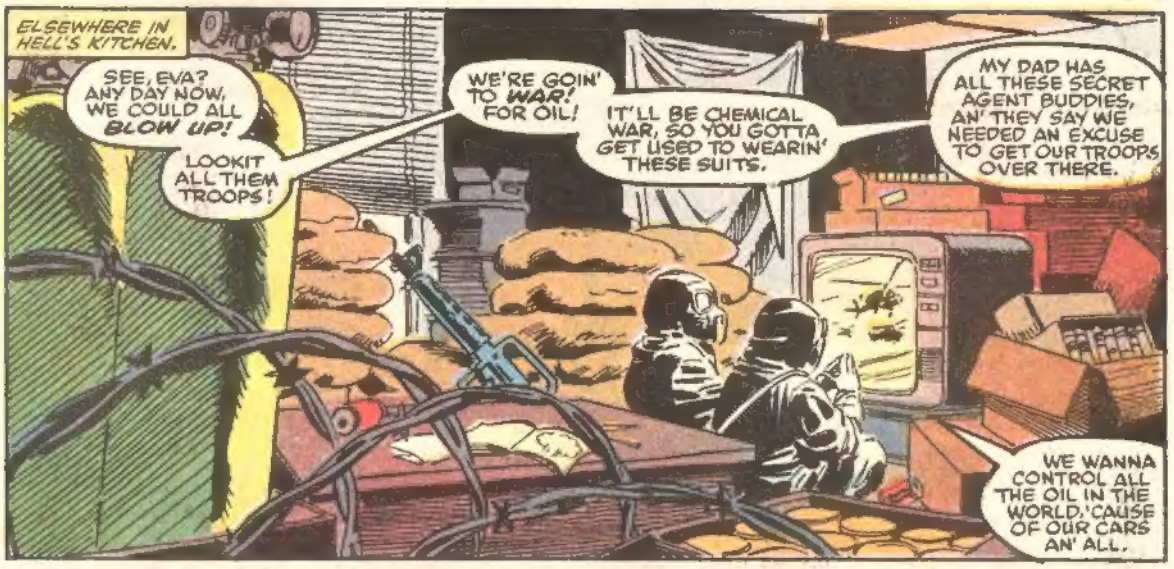
LOOK, I'M SORRY ABOUT GETTIN' ROUGH.
NEXT TIME, WE CAN SKIP THAT PART.
GET YOURSELF WASHED UP.
OKAY?
AND LISTEN, MR. ZENG-- DON'T TAKE THIS PERSONALLY.
I'M JUST A WORKIN' STIFF LIKE ANY OTHER...
...JUST LIKE YOU.



HELL'S KITCHEN.
OKAY, I'M GOING TO THINK ABOUT THIS JUST ONCE.
THEN I SHOVE THE PAST INTO THE PAST, AND MOVE ON.
I LEFT THE CITY, AND WENT TO HELL AND BACK, PROBABLY TO FORGET ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED HERE.
THE TRAUMA MADE ME LOSE MY MIND FOR A WHILE, BUT NOW IT'S BACK, AND I FEEL STRONGER THAN EVER.
I'M GOING TO EASE BACK INTO MY LIFE--
--I HAVE A BROKEN HEART TO FIX, A KINGPIN TO TOPPLE, A FEW OTHER BITS OF BUSINESS.
BUT FIRST, I HAVE A LITTLE FUN.
I HAVE MY MIND BACK, MY COSTUME BACK, I'M BACK IN MY STREETS, AND I KNOW WHO I AM!
HUMM... HEARTBEAT IN THAT ALLEY, SPEEDING UP... RADAR OUTLINES A YOUNG KID... WHAT'S THAT ACIDIC SMELL ...?
HERE IT COMES...
WHAP!
WHAT'D HE THROW AT ME? A TOMATO!

UH-OH. MAYBE I SHOULDN'T A' DONE THAT.
HE LOOKS MAD.
GOOD, HE'S NOT FOLLOWING ME.
BOY, THAT WAS DUMB.
HE COULDA KILLED ME!
LOOKS LIKE I LOST 'IM.
NOT SO FAST, YOU.
YIKE! WHERE'D YOU COME FROM?

DON'T KILL ME, PLEASE DON'T KILL ME!
WHAT?! I WON'T HURT YOU!
BUT THE PAPERS! EVERYBODY SAYS YOU TURNED KILLER!
YOU DON'T PROTECT US NO MORE!
I USEDTA LOVE YOU, DAREDEVIL!
I THOUGHT YOU WERE THE GREATEST!
WHY'D YOU TURN BAD? WHY?!
BUT THAT WASN'T ME!
SOMEONE STOLE MY COSTUME, AND WENT ON A RAMPAGE!
WAIT! LISTEN TO ME!!
THAT WASN'T ME!
THE STREETS NO LONGER TRUST ME.
BULLSEYE DID MORE DAMAGE THAN I THOUGHT.
DAREDEVIL HAS GOT TO WIN HIS GOOD NAME BACK--
--OR I MIGHT AS WELL THROW THIS SUIT AWAY.

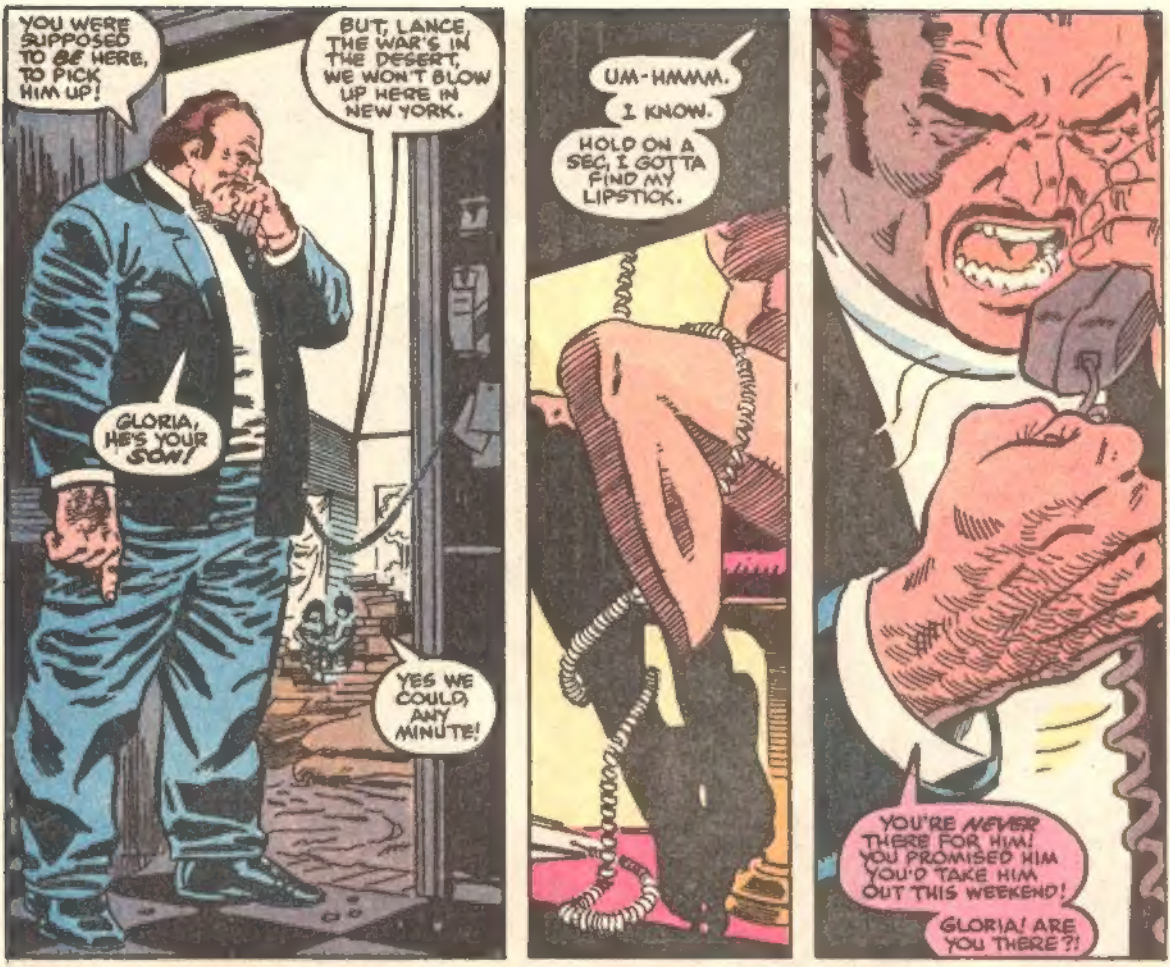

ELSEWHERE IN HELL'S KITCHEN.
SEE, EVA? ANY DAY NOW, WE COULD ALL BLOW UP!
LOOKIT ALL THEM TROOPS!
WE'RE GOIN' TO WAR! FOR OIL!
IT'LL BE CHEMICAL WAR, SO YOU GOTTA GET USED TO WEARIN' THESE SUITS.
MY DAD HAS ALL THESE SECRET AGENT BUDDIES, AN' THEY SAY WE NEEDED AN EXCUSE TO GET OUR TROOPS OVER THERE.
WE WANNA CONTROL ALL THE OIL IN THE WORLD, 'CAUSE OF OUR CARS AN' ALL.

DAD CALLS IT THE CRABGRASS FRONTIER, HE SAYS IT'S 'CAUSE OF SUBURBAN SPRAWL, AND HOW WE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT OIL FOR CARS.
SO WE GOTTA FIGHT! BLOOD FOR OIL!

ANY MINUTE NOW, IT COULD ALL EXPLODE --INTO WAR!
LANCE, YOU'RE JUST SO SMART!
BUT THAT WAR'S SO FAR AWAY! SOMEWHERE IN SOME DESERT!

ON THE T.V., THEY JUST LOOK LIKE TOY SOLDIERS!
IT'S SO BORING.
LET'S EAT!

OKAY! WE GOT ARMY-RATION CANNED FOOD, AND FREEZE-DRIED ICE CREAM FOR DESSERT.
YICK!
EVA, WE GOTTA LEARN HOW TO EAT IN A POST-NUKE WORLD.
WE COULD BE TRAPPED HERE FOR MONTHS, WITH ALL FRESH FOOD CONTAMI-NATED!

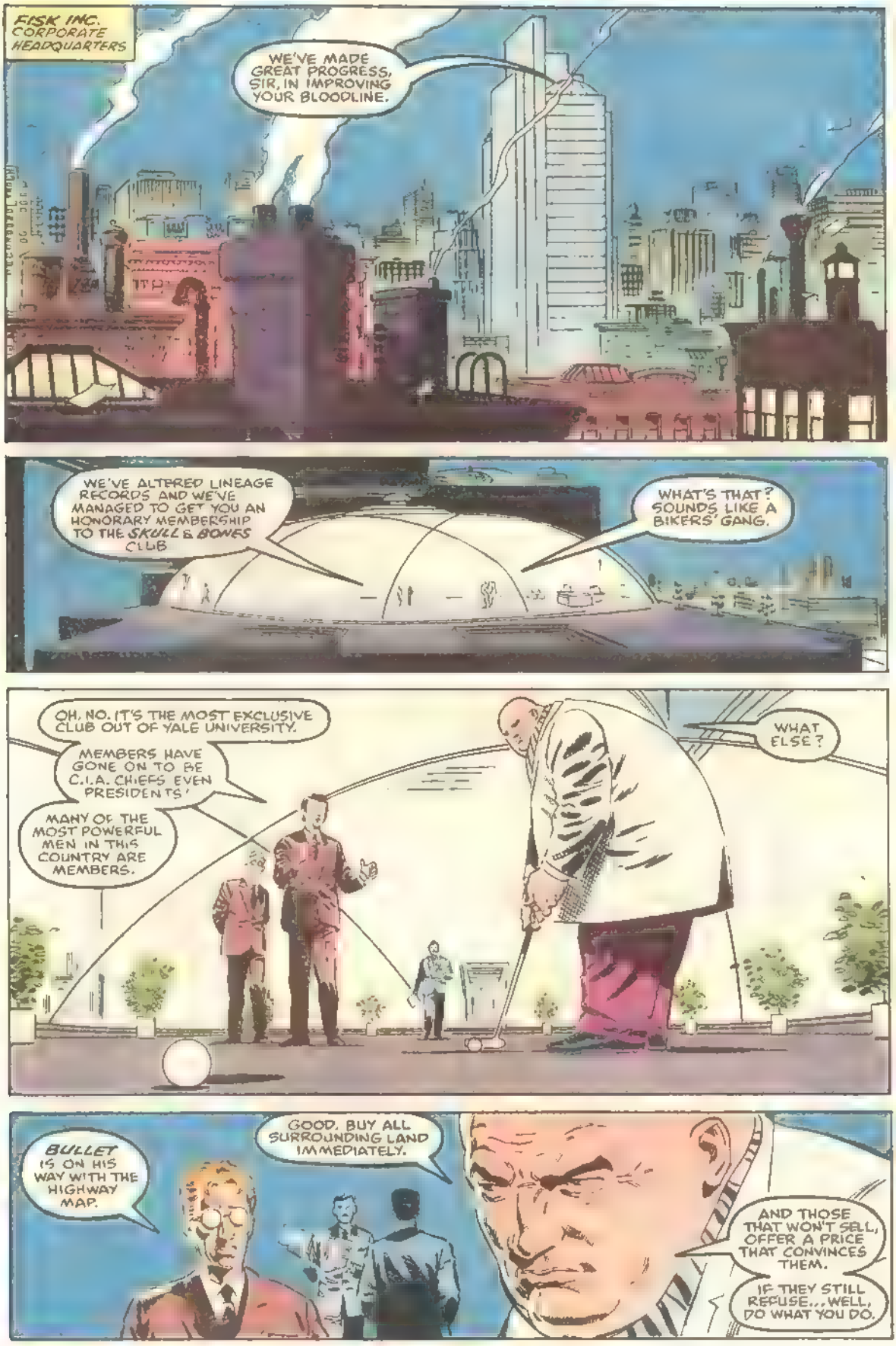

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO *BE* HERE, TO PICK HIM UP!
BUT, LANCE, THE WAR'S IN THE DESERT, WE WON'T BLOW UP HERE IN NEW YORK.
GLORIA, HE'S YOUR SON!
YES WE COULD, ANY MINUTE!
UM-HMMM.
I KNOW.
HOLD ON A SEC, I GOTTA FIND MY LIPSTICK.
YOU'RE *NEVER* THERE FOR HIM! YOU PROMISED HIM YOU'D TAKE HIM OUT THIS WEEKEND!
GLORIA! ARE YOU THERE?!
YOU'RE NOT EVEN LISTENING!
GLORIA, HE'S YOUR SON!
HE'S YOUR SON!
HMMM? YES, YES.
HUMMM... WHAT WAS THAT?
LOOK, HONEY, I GOTTA GO, I GOTTA HOT DATE TONIGHT.
GIVE MY LOVE TO LANCE.
BYE!
CLICK
A HOT WHAT?!
GLORIA? GLORIA!

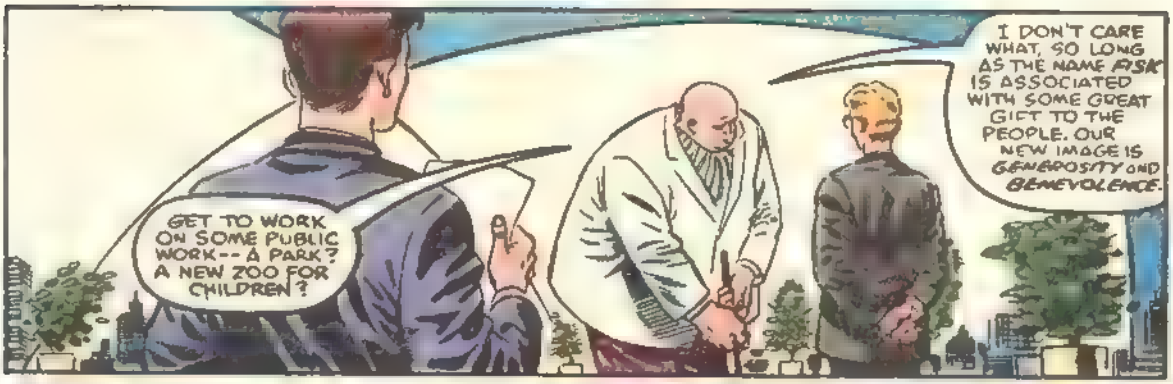
YICK YICK YICK
C'MON, EVA, YA GOTTA GET USED TO IT--
--AFTER THE BOMB FALLS, CANNED FOOD'S ALL WE CAN EAT!
LANCE!
WHY ARE YOU STILL UP?
WHY IS SHE HERE?!
GO TO BED!
THIS IS A MAN'S HOUSE!
KWAM!
GET ALL THE WOMEN OUTTA HERE!
WHAT'S THAT ON YOUR FACE? PAINTING YOURSELF ALREADY?
WIPE THAT LIPSTICK OFF!
TEN... NINE...
EIGHT... SEVEN... SIX...
FIVE... FOUR...
GOOD, SHE'S GONE-- LANCE? WHAT'S WRONG?
THREE... TWO...
OH, GOD, I'M SORRY.....I BLEW UP, I TOLD YOU I WAS NEVER GOING TO DO THAT AGAIN...
C'MERE, SON, I'M SORRY, I DUNNO WHAT HAPPENED, I JUST EXPLODED...

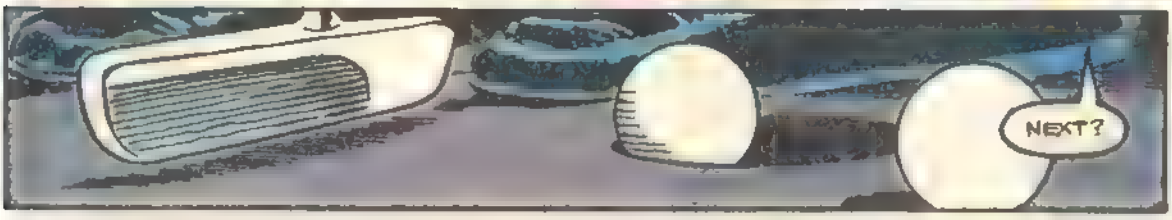
FOGGY NELSON
I'LL WAIT FOR YOU
LAW JUST DOESN'T MAKE SENSE WITHOUT YOU MATT.
I SAVED SOME OF YOUR STUFF FROM THAT FIRE...
THE FIRE THAT BURNT DOWN YOUR HOUSE, YOUR LIFE, EVERYTHING YOU OWNED.
PICTURES-- LOTTA PRETTY GIRLS. YOU SURE KNEW THE BEST GIRLS.
ELEKTRA... HEATHER...
AND THIS GOLD CROSS-- FUNNY, I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO HAVE A CROSS.
BUT IT MAKES SENSE NOW.
OBJECTS. WHAT GOOD ARE THEY? ALL I REMEMBER IS YOUR FACE...
THAT LOOK ON YOUR FACE WHEN YOU STOOD IN THE COURTROOM AS I DEFENDED A CHEMICAL COMPANY THAT BLINDED A LITTLE BOY...
FROM THE IDEALISM OF LAW SCHOOL-- TO THE UGLY PRACTICE OF LAW.
MATT-- I NEED YOU TO FORGIVE ME.
I'LL NEVER REST, I'LL HATE MYSELF EVERY LIVING MOMENT, UNTIL I KNOW YOU FORGIVE ME.
MATT, WHERE ARE YOU?

THE DAILY BUGLE
OFFICE OF J JONAH JAMESON.
BEN, THE TOBACCO PIECE IS GREAT. THIS IS A STORY THAT NEEDS TO BE TOLD.
WHAT ABOUT THE HIGHWAY MAP?
THAT S A PROBLEM.
I CALLED TO PICK IT UP, AND "SUDDENLY" THE BUILDER REFUSES TO GIVE IT TO ME
TYPICAL.
THAT MEANS SOME DEVELOPER WANTS TO BUY UP THE LAND FIRST, BEFORE ANYONE KNOWS ABOUT THE HIGHWAY.
LAND THAT OVERNIGHT WILL BE WORTH MILLIONS.
YUP.
FIND THAT MAP, BEN.
NOW I'M DETERMINED TO PRINT IT.
I FEEL ASHAMED THAT I EVER DOUBTED JONAH.
HE'S A GOOD MAN. HE'S ALWAYS STOOD BY MY STORIES, HE'S ALWAYS BELIEVED IN ME.
HE WANTS TO SELL PAPERS, BUT HE ALSO KNOWS WHAT'S IMPORTANT--THE TRUTH.
HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT HE'D CENSOR MY TOBACCO STORY?

OKAY. HOW TO GET THAT MAP?
CITY RECORDS... PERMITS FILED IN THE PAST MONTH...
THERE ARE WAYS. IT JUST TAKES SOME OLD FASHIONED FOOTWORK
SMOKING'S GOT YOUR SENSES SO DULLED--
YOU'RE LIKE A DEAF AND BLIND MAN, BEN.
DAREDEVIL!
OH, NO! IS IT REALLY YOU?
DON'T WORRY, BEN. I'M NOT THE HOMICIDAL THIEF MANIAC THAT THE PAPERS WROTE ABOUT
IT'S ME, THE REAL DAREDEVIL.
JUST MILDLY MANIC
LISTEN, BEN, THANKS FOR STANDING UP FOR ME.
YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE WRITING GOOD PIECES ABOUT ME, WHILE EVERY OTHER JOURNALIST CALLED FOR [redacted] LYNCHING.
I OWE YOU, BEN
HEY. THAT'S A DANGEROUS THING TO SAY TO A JOURNALIST. THEY ALWAYS NEED SOMETHING
HOW ABOUT THIS--?
I GOT A CORRUPT BUILDER, A GREEDY DEVELOPER, AND A MISSING MAP THAT CAN FIX THE WHOLE THING.
YOU GOT IT.

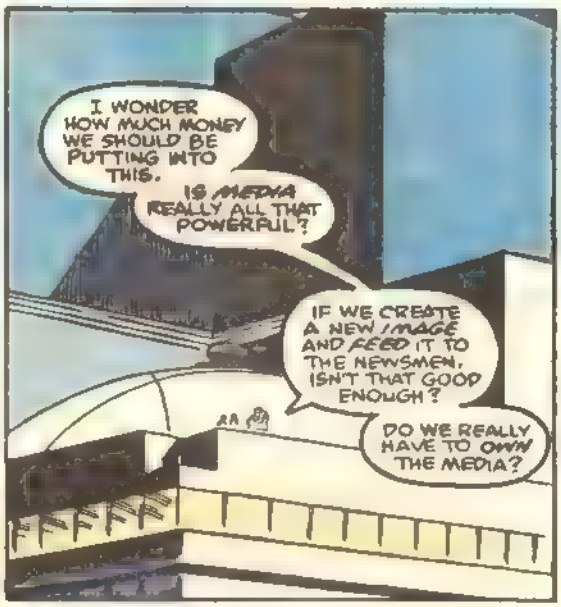

FISK INC. CORPORATE HEADQUARTERS
WE'VE MADE GREAT PROGRESS, SIR, IN IMPROVING YOUR BLOODLINE.
WE'VE ALTERED LINEAGE RECORDS AND WE'VE MANAGED TO GET YOU AN HONORARY MEMBERSHIP TO THE SKULL & BONES CLUB
WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE A BIKERS' GANG.
OH, NO. IT'S THE MOST EXCLUSIVE CLUB OUT OF YALE UNIVERSITY.
MEMBERS HAVE GONE ON TO BE C.I.A. CHIEFS EVEN PRESIDENTS'
MANY OF THE MOST POWERFUL MEN IN THIS COUNTRY ARE MEMBERS.
WHAT ELSE?
BULLET IS ON HIS WAY WITH THE HIGHWAY MAP.
GOOD. BUY ALL SURROUNDING LAND IMMEDIATELY.
AND THOSE THAT WON'T SELL, OFFER A PRICE THAT CONVINCES THEM.
IF THEY STILL REFUSE... WELL, DO WHAT YOU DO.


I DON'T CARE WHAT, SO LONG AS THE NAME *FISK* IS ASSOCIATED WITH SOME GREAT GIFT TO THE PEOPLE. OUR NEW IMAGE IS *GENEROSITY* AND *BENEVOLENCE*.
GET TO WORK ON SOME PUBLIC WORK -- A PARK? A NEW ZOO FOR CHILDREN?


NEXT?

WE HAVE SOME DESIGNS FOR THE NEW TELEVISION STATION AND NEWSPAPER LOGOS.

HMMMM...

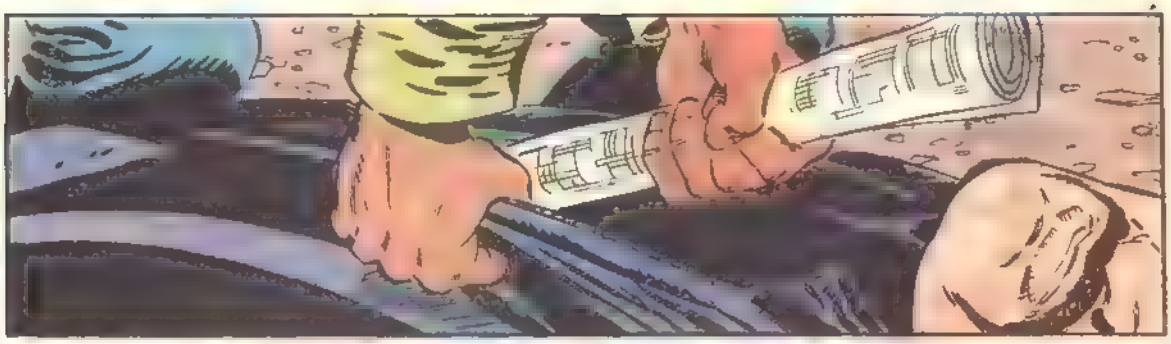

I WONDER HOW MUCH MONEY WE SHOULD BE PUTTING INTO THIS.
IS *MEDIA* REALLY ALL THAT POWERFUL?
IF WE CREATE A NEW *IMAGE* AND *FEED* IT TO THE NEWSMEN, ISN'T THAT GOOD ENOUGH?
DO WE REALLY HAVE TO *OWN* THE MEDIA?

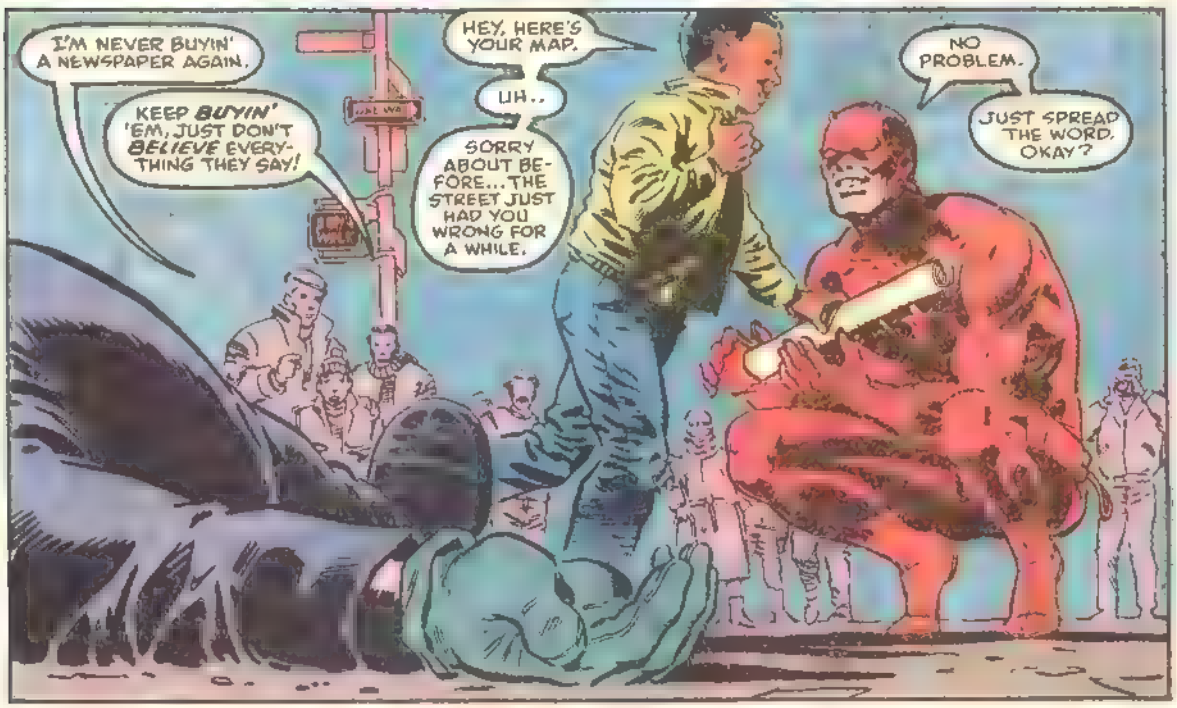
42ND STREET AND 9TH AVENUE.
SO IT'S BULLET.
CAN'T BE JUST COINCIDENCE HIS FRESH SCENT IS IN THAT BUILDER'S OFFICE.
LAST I SAW OF BULLET WAS AT A PEACE RALLY WHEN HE ATTACKED ME
HE WAS PAID TO TIRE ME OUT FOR A BIGGER FIGHT.
THAT'S BULLET-- HE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR A FEW BUCKS.
"NOTHING PERSONAL," HE ALWAYS SAYS.
WELL, BULLET, I'D LIKE THAT MAP YOU'VE GOT, AND I'D LOVE TO FIGHT YOU FOR IT.
NOTHING PERSONAL.
MY RADAR PICKS UP SOMEONE HIS SIZE DOWN THAT STREET.
GOT HIS WALK...
THAT'S HIS SCENT...
I'VE BEEN WAITING A LONG TIME FOR THIS.
THIS FIRST HIT'LL BE THE SWEETEST.
HE SHOULD BE RIGHT DOWN...
...HERE!

HUH?
KWAM!
THAK!
YOU! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD.
NOT QUITE.

WHAT DO YOU WANT?
THAT MAP YOU'VE GOT. IT'S GOING TO CHEAT ALOT OF PEOPLE OUT OF A LOT OF MONEY.
YOU CAN GIVE IT TO ME THE EASY WAY--
--OR I'LL TAKE IT THE HARD WAY.
LOOK! IT'S A FIGHT!
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, I'D LOVE TO GET IT THE HARD WAY.
WOOOSH!
SAY NO MORE.
BUT...THE PAPERS SAY DAREDEVIL'S GONE BAD.
HE LOOKS PRETTY HEROIC TO ME.
I STILL DON'T TRUST HIM!
HE SAID HE WANTED A MAP THAT'S GONNA CHEAT PEOPLE!
HUFF HUFF HUFF
YOU'VE GOTTEN HUFF HUFF FASTER...
HUFF HUFF
AND YOU'VE GOTTEN FATTER.

WHAT?!
WOOOSH!
KRAK!
SWIFF!
VOK!
I DON'T GET IT!
THE PAPERS CALLED DAREDEVIL A PSYCHOTIC KILLER!
SURPRISE SURPRISE
KAPOW!
THE NEWSPAPERS LIED AS USUAL
SO WHAT ELSE IS NEW?
GIVE IT TO 'IM!
YEAH!
I SEE THE MAP!
ALLRIGHT!
WELCOME BACK, DARDEVIL!




I'M NEVER BUYIN' A NEWSPAPER AGAIN.
KEEP BUYIN' 'EM, JUST DON'T BELIEVE EVERY-THING THEY SAY!
HEY, HERE'S YOUR MAP.
UH..
SORRY ABOUT BE-FORE... THE STREET JUST HAD YOU WRONG FOR A WHILE.
NO PROBLEM.
JUST SPREAD THE WORD, OKAY?

YOU GOT IT
BULLET?
ALL RIGHT.

YOU WON FAIR.
MAYBE I EVEN DESERVED THAT.
BUT WE'RE EVEN NOW

NEXT TIME I WON'T PULL MY PUNCHES!
YEAH, RIGHT.

BULLPEN BULLETINS

STAN'S SOAPBOX

Hi Heroes! Your sentimental Bullpen asked if I'd write a Valentine's message for all you True Believers in the spirit of the [illegible]

Well, as everyone knows, my heart is a veritable cornucopia of love and affection, so I'd like nothing better than to write something gushy and romantic. But —

It seems to me that the ones most deserving of our affection, gratitude and unstinting devotion are the thousands of wonderful servicemen and women who are serving as part of the United Nations forces in the middle east. If Valentine's Day stands for love, who can best represent that sentiment than the soldiers, sailors, marines and airmen who love their country enough to give up their freedom, their families, their jobs, and — in some tragic instances — their very lives, in order to serve when needed.

Due to the time it takes to have these columns printed, this message is being written in the middle of December. Naturally, I've no way of knowing whether the next few months will lead to peace, war or a lingering stalemate by the time you read this. Nor is this column to be interpreted as either a defense or repudiation of our foreign policy. The rights and wrongs of international affairs are for wiser heads than mine to determine.

But, regardless of your position, or mine, on the middle east, there is one point on which we all can agree. America's finest young men and women have answered the call once more, and are prepared to give the last measure of devotion in the service of their country.

Therefore, what could be more fitting than to dedicate this Valentine message to our brave men and women of all races, colors and creeds who are serving so valiantly, so far from home.

We wish you well. We salute you proudly. We pray for you constantly.

We love you all.

Excelsior!

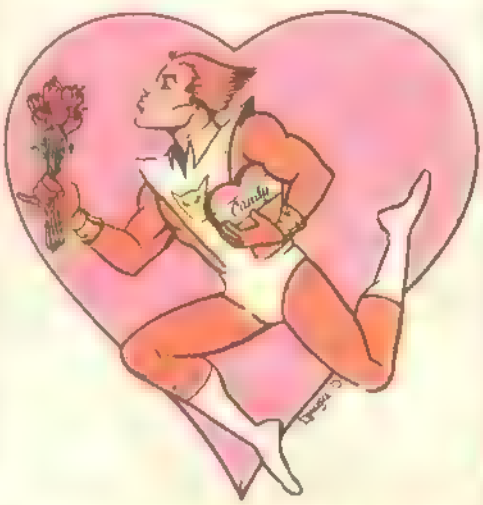
Stan Lee

It's February, and you know what that means. Yes, that's right — it's the time of year when all young lovers get giddy with anticipation over that special holiday that only comes once a year — Presidents' Day.

And what better way to honor our nation's great leaders than by going to a big department store and buying lots of sheets and towels. It's the way George and Abe would have wanted their birthdays to be celebrated. Remember, every time you spend a one or a five dollar bill, you're honoring two of the greatest men who ever lived.

But there's another holiday in February, a slightly more commerical one — Valentines' Day — a holiday which is perhaps best celebrated by massacring a rival crime family. We asked our own gang of pencil-and-typewriter pushers how they plan to spend this special day. We posed the following question to the Marvel Elite: "What would be your idea of a Valentines Day dream-date, if you could do anything and go anywhere?"

Here's what they had to say:



Erik Larsen, the mega talented artist of the AMAZING SPIDER-MAN said he would "grab my best gal, head up to the high country, and after a day of skiing, settle down by a roaring fire and let nature take its course. But the most important thing would be that I wouldn't have to work that day."

Like Erik, hyper-popular artist of the regular SPIDER-MAN book, *Todd McFarlane*, also wants to get away. Todd said he wants "to take my wife on a sailboat out to a secluded island, where we'd have our own inlet to ourselves. We'd just sit there and relax and try to enjoy nature, cut off from the media and TV and all that kind of stuff. We'd just sit there and stare into each other's eyes."

Super-hot penciler/co-plotter of NEW MUTANTS, *Rob Liefeld* said his dream date would be to "take my girlfriend up in a hot air balloon and have some wine and bread over the California sea."

Meta-cosmic artist *Ron Lim* of SILVER SURFER and CAPTAIN AMERICA fame has a more down-to-Earth dream. Said Ron: "I'd like to go to Disneyland and EPCOT. That'd be cool."

Quasi-aquatic writer/artist *John Byrne* of NAMOR THE SUB-MARINER doesn't have to dream about his Valentines Date — he's going to live it! On November 8th of last year, John and his lovely wife celebrated their tenth wedding anniversary. Said John: "We're going to Paris around Valentines Day to celebrate that."

Neo-star *Dale Keown*, penciler of THE INCREDIBLE HULK, had this to say about his girlfriend: "I'd like to get one!" Hang in there, Dale — we're sure you'll make a Love Connection of your own, soon enough.

Uber-talented artist *Jackson Guice*, currently knocking 'em dead on NICK FURY AGENT OF SHIELD, has his dream date all planned out. Jackson said: "I want to have a picnic in the Scottish Highlands. My wife and I have been saving it up for years. (If Jackson doesn't get to go on the trip, perhaps he may want to read *Charles Vess's* SPIRITS OF THE EARTH Graphic Novel instead!)

Poly-prolific writer *Roy Thomas*, currently making his triumphant return to the CONAN THE BARBARIAN titles, has some savagely good plans for himself and his lovely writing partner wife *Dann*. Said Roy, "We probably would enjoy wandering around some city with a zoo and some used book stores and maybe some yarn stores (since Dann likes to weave). At night we'd watch a week's worth of *Coronation Street*, which is the most popular soap opera in England. Currently we watch it once a week on cable from Canada."

The multi-talented *Peter David*, of THE INCREDIBLE HULK scripting fame, has a time-traveling wish for Valentines Day. Said Peter: "I'd like to go back to the hotel where I met this girl fifteen years ago at a *Star Trek* convention and recreate the whole thing. Unfortunately, the hotel was torn down, but the girl is still around, since I'm married to her. My dream date would be to take my wife to a *Star Trek* convention and recreate the whole thing."

Super artist *Art Adams* won the originality award for his Valentine Dream: "I'd like to spend a lovely Valentine weekend in suspended animation with Cindy Crawford aboard the Jupiter 2. Heh heh heh." Art said his girlfriend helped him come up with that one. (And no, Art is not dating super-mega-model Cindy Crawford!)

For our last Valentine's Day dream date we went straight to the big man himself — our founding father, *Stan (the Man) Lee*, who has definite plans for himself and his lovely wife for the fourteenth of February. "Joanie and I will make a beeline for the Marvel Bullpen! With everyone else gone, we'll have it all to ourselves to share the ultimate romantic fantasy — reading comics together!"

Well, said Stan! We couldn't think of a more romantic idea ourselves. Perhaps we'll join you.

Well, that's all the dream dates we have for this year. We'd like to thank everyone who participated, and we'd like to remind all the folks at home that even if you don't have a Valentine to call your own, you can always live your love lives vicariously through comic books!

We leave you with these final words: may all your dates be dreamy!

KRSH!
WHAT??!!
I SAID-- BULLET LOST THE MAP.
I HEARD YOU!
THE DAILY BUGLE GOT IT SOMEHOW, AND THEY'RE PRINTING IT.
SNAP!
THEN CALL THE PUBLISHER! GET THAT MAP BACK!
I CALLED HIM. THE PUBLISHER REFUSES.
HE SAID SOMETHING ABOUT HAVING "LIMITS" AND "ETHICS."
WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
FIRST AN "ETHICAL" BUILDER, NOW AN "ETHICAL" PUBLISHER.
BAH!
THAT'S IT. I CAN'T RELY ON ANYONE ANYMORE. THEY'RE ALL LOSING THEIR MINDS.
I'LL BUILD MY OWN MEDIA COMPANY, AND I'LL MAKE IT SO POWERFUL--
--IT WILL DWARF ALL OTHERS!
WHAT SELLS NEWSPAPERS?
CRIME... TRAGEDY... VIOLENCE...
WELL THEN, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO START A WAR.

THE OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.
SOMETIMES YOU JUST CAN'T LET YOURSELF BE BULLIED.
EVEN IF THEY DO THREATEN TO BREAK YOUR LEGS.
I CAN ALMOST HEAR THE KINGPIN SCREAMING.
RINGGGG!
JAMESON HERE.
YES, I CUT THE PICTURE!
YES, I CUT THAT PART...
LISTEN, FRANK, THOSE ADVERTISERS ARE GETTING TOO POWERFUL!
THIS IS ECONOMIC CENSORSHIP!
I DON'T CARE HOW BIG BULLBORO'S ACCOUNT IS!
ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT.
I SAID I CUT IT!
BUT NEXT TIME, FRANK...
JONAH!
MY TOBACCO STORY-- IT'S MUTILATED!
YOU CUT THE PICTURE, YOU CUT OUT THE WHOLE POINT!
YOU SAID YOU UNDERSTOOD!
YOU SAID IT WAS AN IMPORTANT STORY!
ANNIE SAYS: GOOD!
BULLBORO GRAND PRIX ACCIDENT
NOW IT'S NOTHING, IT'S JUST RACING NEWS!
NOW, BEN.
WE HADDA CUT IT.
WE PRINTED THAT MAP, AND YOU KNOW, IT WAS BIGGER THAN WE THOUGHT...
SPACE, BEN. WE NEEDED THE SPACE.
BEN...?

CRUNCH CRUNCH
YEAH, CRUNCH CRUNCH THAT'S WHAT I'LL SAY TO HIM.

I'LL SAY, "NO MORE GREEDY CORPORATE LAW FOR ME, MATT."
CRUNCH CRUNCH
YEAH, I'LL TELL HIM I'M A NEW MAN...

AN' MATT'LL SAY--I'M PROUD OF YOU, FOGGY NELSON.
YEAH, ONLY SMALL CLIENTS CRUNCH... PEOPLE IN NEED...

JUST LIKE THE GOOD OL' DAYS.
YEAH, JUST LIKE THE GOOD OL' DAYS...
CRUNCH CRUNCH

MAYBE WE COULD START BY FINDING OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO KAREN PAGE?
SURE, SURE, THAT'S A GOOD PLACE TO START--

CRUNCH!
MATT?

MATT!

THE END

ARE YOU DOWN WITH...
YEAH, YOU KNOW ME!